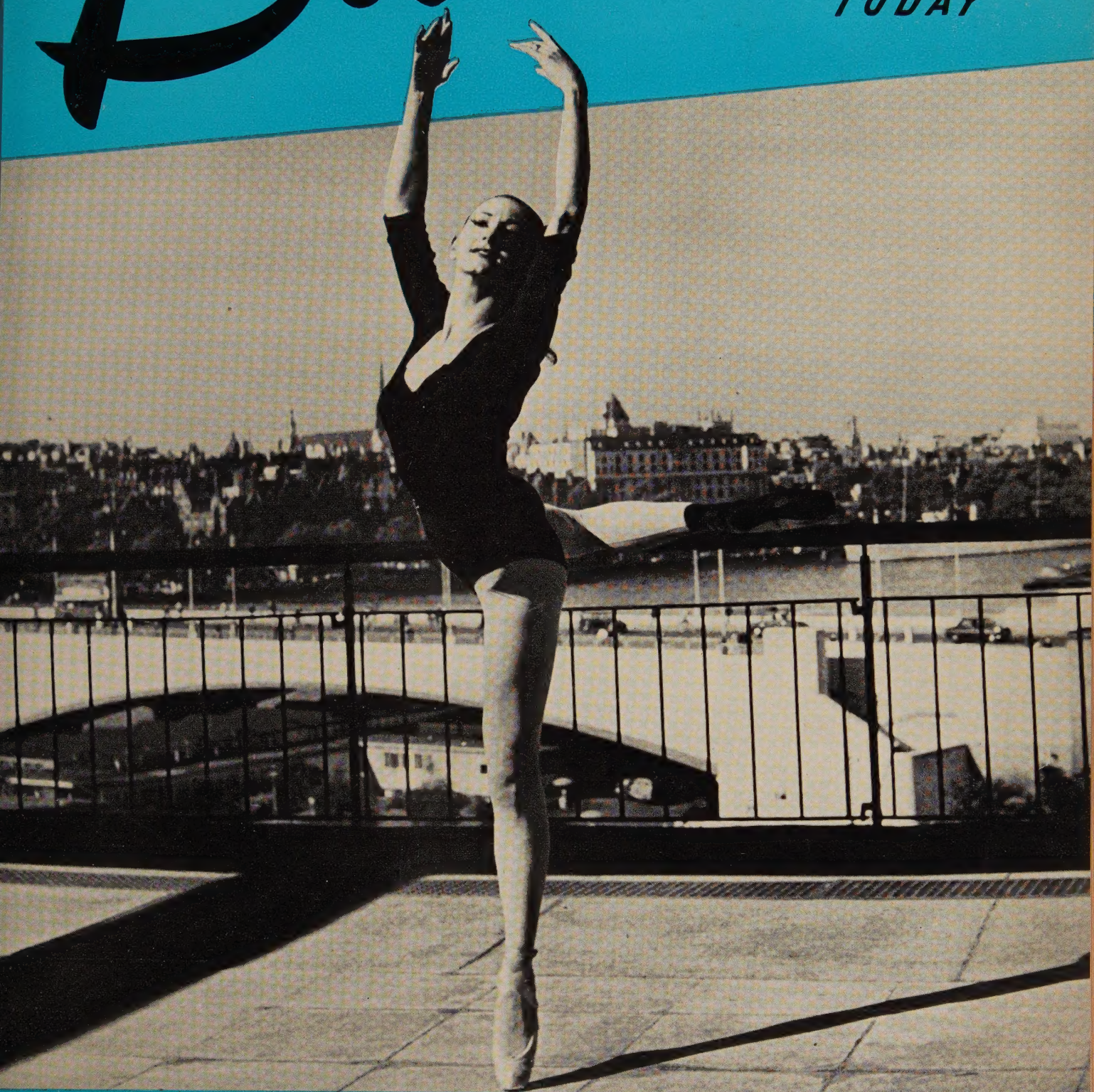


Ballet

TODAY



JULY, 1957

MARILYN BURR of FESTIVAL BALLET

Photographed on the roof of the Festival Hall, London

Price 1/6

BALLET TODAY

Published and Edited by Estelle Herf

No. 6.

JULY, 1957

VOL. 10

Cover Portrait

Marilyn Burr

Photo Hamilton Walter

(Taken on the roof of the Festival Hall, London)

CONTENTS

Ulanova's London Diary	3
News from the World	4
Backstage	7
London Ballet Month	9
Peggy Van Praagh	10
Careers in Pictures—Marilyn Burr	12
The Reminiscences of Boris Kniaeff	15
Men in Ballet—Louis Godfrey	17
New Recordings	18
Ballet Guide	20
The Clubs	21
Featuring the Schools—Bush-Davies	22

NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL FEATURES

The third and final chapter of
Ulanova's London Diary
with pictures taken in London

* * *

Men in Ballet

* * *

Anya Linden's Career in pictures and story.
The new photograph of Anya Linden shown on this page
is by Tony Armstrong Jones.

Please make a note of this date.

The next issue of **BALLET TODAY** will be a
combined one (August/September) and will be pub-
lished on 21st August.

*Published and Edited by Estelle Herf from 15, Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey (Telephone: Elmbridge 9743), to whom all Editorial
advertising and other communications should be addressed.*

Printed by Richard Madley Ltd., 54 Grafton Way, W.1, England. SOLE AGENTS: Australasia: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd.;
Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland: Messrs. Kingstons Ltd.

Notes from

MY LONDON DIARY

By

GALINA ULANOVA

Part two of the Ballerina's own story of the Bolshoi Season in London

Wednesday, October 17th.

Every morning as we made our way to early morning rehearsals at Covent Garden we had to cross a large wholesale market where flowers, fruit and vegetables are sold. This is a lovely place: enormous bunches of bananas and grapes, oranges and lemons, all most picturesque. Such an abundance of flowers that it is difficult to imagine that even a city the size of London can consume in a day so many roses and camellias, carnations and anemones, stocks and chrysanthemums. Among all this sweetly-perfumed mass of colour work a considerable number of people: drivers of lorries and refrigerator vans, carters and vegetable packers. And when any of them catch sight of us of a morning they are sure to say: "Hullo, Bolshoi!" "Good morning, Bolshoi!" "gratulations, Bolshoi!" "Don't forget to come again: we like you, Bolshoi!"

They always say "Bolshoi" in Russian. And when they speak there is such welcome written on their faces, they make such touching efforts to pronounce the Russian word they have learned so recently that one would have to have a heart of flint to doubt their sincerity.

I needn't mention the interest taken in us by the people queueing up for tickets for the Russian ballet. When we go to the theatre in the morning, we see the queue which has been there at least one night. But when you look at the faces of those people you do not see a shadow of dissatisfaction or tiredness or irritation. On the contrary: everyone is sure to say a kind word to you, to hand you a bouquet, wish you luck or say how delighted he was to have seen you perform or how much he hopes to see you in the future.

Yesterday there was a reception at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, invited the Soviet artists. His speech was no mere expression of polite appreciation. It welcomed us and reflected the joy the people of London felt in at last having an opportunity of seeing the Soviet ballet. The Lord Mayor rightly said that by strengthening cultural links countries could get to understand each other better. That, beside the artistic, the aesthetic significance, is the meaning of our London season. How important and delightful is it that this meaning is clear to everybody, or to almost everybody.

That evening we danced *Romeo and Juliet*. It is my third appearance in London in the Prokofiev ballet. During the interval all the principals together with the stage manager A. Tsabel, the director of the Bolshoi Theatre, Mikhail Chulaki, and our matchless conductor Yuri Faier, who has deservedly become such a favourite of the London public, were presented to the Queen Mother who was in the audience that night. In a friendly, very natural manner she addressed each of us most kindly and expressed a keen interest in our work.

Three days later she was to come to a matinée performance of *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* with her grandson Prince Charles, the heir to the throne. For London an "unannounced" visit to the theatre by any member of the royal family is a major sensation.

Sunday, October 21st

On an English Sunday all theatres are closed. Traditionally—and



tradition is greatly respected in this land—Sundays are supposed to be devoted to family life, to the children. Not a bad tradition either! True, some people complain that Sundays are a bore. But how nice for the children who on that day have the undivided attention of their fathers who—and this is true of some mothers too—are busy at work all the week.

Today all who wanted to could see the Russian ballet by television: a comprehensive programme, consisting of excerpts from Soviet ballet films and our performances. It must have given a pretty complete idea of the Moscow dancers of whom all London is dreaming these days . . .

I danced the second act of *Swan Lake*. I was very nervous: several years have passed since I last appeared in Chaikovsky's ballet. But even my nervousness did not prevent my noticing the splendid organization of the work in the television studios, the skill with which the cameras were handled, the sensible programme planning.

The English evidently have efficiency in their bones. They are practical people who love their work and master it to perfection. I was sure of that when I watched the scene-shifters at Covent Garden, and I felt sure of it today when I saw the way the staff of the London television centre went about their work.

Well done!

Friday, October 26th.

"Well done," I felt like saying last night, or, rather, this morning when we had finished shooting *Giselle*. The English cinema technicians had worked throughout the night so effectively, so calmly. And we did our share too. But let me describe what happened in the right order.

Yesterday was a full day. Early in the morning we drove to Windsor. On the way there, through Hyde Park, along the Thames valley and down the roads of the English countryside which we had managed to get a glimpse of during our drive from the airfield, we fell in love with the beautiful natural scenery. Yes, it really is lovely. So charmingly natural and unspoiled. The London parks and more so the Great Park at Windsor spread like real forests. The oaks are so huge and beautiful that I shall probably dream of them for a long, long time. The air is fresh and clear but the constant humidity makes everything look as though you were seeing it through a fine soft veil.

You can stroll for hours around Windsor, admiring the 900-year-old castle, so old that part of it has existed since the time of William the Conqueror. You can spend hours lost in admiration of that masterpiece of English late Gothic—St. George's Chapel, and yet leave Windsor disappointed: we had no time to see its unique collection of works by Rubens and Van Dyck, Holbein, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michelangelo . . .

We had to get back to London: we were performing that evening.

Giselle again. Once more I felt nervous, mainly because I knew that I should have to work all night: at 1 a.m. we were to start a 45-minute screen version of *Giselle*. And it had to be finished that night.

In fact I was worrying when I came to the theatre to get ready for the regular performance. When I opened the door of my dressing-



"The English have efficiency in their bones . . ."
A last minute conference before Ulanova performance went out over B.B.C. television, l to r, Yuri Faier (Conductor), Margaret Dale (B.B.C. producer), Madame Tietz (Interpreter), Lavrovsky (choreographer of the Bolshoi Ballet), Asaf Messerer (Ballet master), Glyn Alkin (B.B.C. sound supervisor) and a dancer from the Company.

"Notes from My London Diary" is published by kind permission of Soviet Literature.

The final chapter will appear in our next issue.

room, I was surprised to see a young woman waiting inside. She came up to me.

"Don't you recognise me?"

There was something about her looks that seemed familiar. Suddenly I remembered Florence, in May, 1951—the French ballet—Gluck's charming *Don Juan* which has somehow been forgotten in Russia. I remembered two very talented young girls in the company who had visited my class: they had told me how expensive it was to study dancing—one had to hire a room, pay an accompanist, a teacher, and pay it out of one's own slender means. These young dancers had signed contracts for three months after which . . . well, they didn't know what could come next . . . And here I see one of them in London, behind the scenes at Covent Garden, in my dressing-room. She was shabbily dressed, thin and clearly very tired. I didn't have to ask her how she was getting on—it was only too obvious. I learned from her that with no small sacrifice she had come over to London from Paris for a day or two only to see the Russian ballet. She had no

money and not the slightest chance of getting a ticket. She had slipped through the stage door the night before and had been wandering about the theatre keeping out of sight; finally, she had decided to wait for me in my dressing-room.

"Oh, please do something so that I can see you dance. Please!"

I went and asked whether my unexpected visitor could be found a seat anywhere. I was told: "The theatre is sold out, you know. We would have to turn away anyone who asked for a seat . . . Well, perhaps your visitor could watch from the wings? Will that do?"

That was good enough. But if only I could have done something more practical to help the girl! After all, she had talent, I remembered that . . .

The performance was over. We were given an hour to rest. When we returned we found the auditorium empty—all the seats had been removed and tracks had been laid down for a mobile camera; all the other apparatus required had been installed and the filming could start at once. (*To be continued next month.*)

News from the World

FRANCE

THE month of April was marked in Paris by two choreographic events. First of all, there was the revival at the Paris Opéra of *La Symphonie Fantastique*, a ballet in five scenes inspired and composed by Leonide Massine to the Berlioz symphony.

The de Basil company gave this ballet its world première on July 24th, 1936, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with decors by Christian Berard. Paris did not see *La Symphonie Fantastique* until 1947 when it was presented by the Ballets de Colonel Basil at the Palais Chaillot.

This Opéra revival of the Massine ballet was a resounding success. The decors by Berard have retained their grandeur and the beauty of their refined colour combinations.

At the time of the revival, *La Symphonie Fantastique* was talked of as a masterpiece and rightly so.

From the moment the curtain rises on the first scene, the groups flow together developing in ever-changing movement which is constantly fresh and original. There were some quite important modifications to the original Massine choreography, especially in the last two tableaux. All the dancers were well up to their task. Youli Algaroff brought the part of the very romantic berliozian artist to life. Christiane Vaussard as the ideal woman played her part extremely well. Claude Bessy and Peter Vandyck brought all their charm and beauty to bear on the poetic scene in the fields. The three premières danseuses, Mlles. Motte, Collement and Rayet, all of them very beautiful, were at once harmonious and expressive.

It would seem that the public of the Opéra and the critics have discovered *La Symphonie Fantastique*. In fact, twenty years have

passed and this ballet still remains a landmark in contemporary choreographic art.

LES BALLETS DU WUPPERTHAL

German dancing made its appearance in Paris on April 28th with Les Ballets du Wuppertal on the programme of the Théâtre des Nations at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. It is well known that Germany which was given over before the last war to expressionism has gradually regained a taste for academic dance. This took place after the liberation when tours organised by dancers from Paris, London, New York and Copenhagen awakened in Germany a new interest in ballet. The German press through its correspondents, covers choreographic events abroad. Books on ballet are beginning to appear in Germany. Thus, three years ago, the Wuppertal Theatre organised its corps de ballet directed by the choreographer Erich Walter and Heinrich Wendel the producer. The ballet of the Wuppertal Theatre has now been in existence for only three years, and already it has a small repertoire.

It is also noteworthy that German artists now dance on their points—those points that the masters of expressionism thought they had banished forever. In Paris, the Ballets du Wuppertal presented three choreographic works by Erich Walter. *Jacques Pudding* is a ballet in three scenes to music by Hans Werner Henze, one of the youngest and most gifted of present-day German composers—so much so that his beautiful music was not all in keeping with the rest of the ballet. *Jacques Pudding* is a sentimental story in which Harlequins jealous of their Columbines, and the loves of Jacqueline, the wife of Pudding, all take part. The choreography in a semi-

Reviews and News

(continued)

expressionistic style showed up as mediocre. The decors and the costumes in the 1925 fashion were appalling. None of the dancers—Egbert Stroika (Harlequin), Helga Held (Columbine), Erich Walter (Jacques Pudding) were particularly outstanding.

To music for strings, celeste and percussion by Bela Bartok, the company presented a themeless ballet with abstract decors, set off by well regulated lighting. The choreography seemed here much more inspired than in *Pudding* but the technique of the dancers was at once hard and inadequate. All the boys and girls give the impression of indulging in a gymnastic exercise and of having no desire to please.

Without doubt, the best of the three ballets is *Pelléas and Mélisande* to the symphonic poem by Arnold Schönberg which dates back to the time when the great composer was young and still under Wagnerian influence. To this magnificent score, the ballet unfolds like a long pas de deux in which Egon Pinnau (*Pelléas*) and the première danseuse Denise Laumer (*Mélisande*) were outstanding. Indeed, the decor captured the undivided attention of the spectators—a ruined chateau, a deserted landscape in an atmosphere of unreality.

In spite of everything, let us not forget that the Ballets du Wuppertal have only been in existence three years and this is a considerable achievement in Germany after long years of expressionism.

FERDINAND REYNA.

VIENNA

Erika Hanka's *Moor of Venice* is without question a choreographic masterpiece, no lesser description could do justice to the sustained portrayal of Shakespeare's tragedy in dance and danced mime. Throughout this long work never for a moment do the dance images lose significance, indeed, so clearly and vividly is the story told that even for someone unacquainted with the play a programme note would be superfluous.

The ballet is given without any interval, but in order to make use of the short pauses necessitated by changes of scene, Madame Hanka has contrived a series of ritornelli (danced by three couples) which set the mood for the following scene in abstract form. By means of this device the attention of the audience is held from start to finish; moreover, so as to ensure even greater unity the beginning is the same as the end; that is to say we see Othello's vision of the fate that will overcome Desdemona and himself.

Boris Blacher would appear to have been inspired perhaps more by the character of Iago than by that of Othello; for his powerful music, restless and mordant, and with hardly any concession to lyrical sweetness, seems to reveal Iago's scheming mind as the prime generator of the scene. Not that contrast is lacking: the dance of Desdemona and Emilia in the bedroom scene is full of tenderness, yet a tenderness coupled with terrible apprehension of what Emilia feels must happen. Blacher also achieves throughout most vivid contrasts of rhythm and colour.

As with the music, so with the action. The role of Iago receives greater prominence in the ballet than that of Othello, and Richard Adama's performance as the former was positively fiendish in its malevolence. Seldom is he off the stage, and each development of the drama displays some fresh facet of his acting powers.

Willy Dirlt as Othello, although dancing with terrific power, failed to convince me entirely. He was too gloomy at the beginning and became ravingly jealous much too soon, so that development and contrast were lacking. But in his final scene with Desdemona his alternations between love and rage were displayed with almost terrifying pathos.

Surely Raphael would have loved to paint Chrystl Zimmerl as Desdemona. Such grace and tenderness, and a fine serenity that even at the end could not be overcome by Othello's tortured madness.

The death-bed scene acquired the utmost poignancy by Zimmerl's ever-increasing assertions of her true love for her lord, and by her



Chrystl Zimmerl as Desdemona and Lucia Brauer as Emilia in *The Moor of Venice*

fearlessness in the face of death. A more difficult part to dance, owing to the intricate movements on and around the bed, could scarcely be imagined. Chrystl Zimmerl created this part originally, and it is one that must remain particularly her own.

Lucia Brauer as Emilia gave a strong performance stressing her distrust of Iago. Here again this side is given much more prominence than in the play or the opera.

The brilliant dancing of Edeltraut Brenner as Bianca was in complete contrast. The speed and ease with which she can pirouette with apparently no preparation, plus a glittering presentation of Bianca's reckless quest for men, made this part a wonderful foil to Desdemona.

A special word of praise must be accorded to Georges Wakhewitsch's perfectly lovely costumes. His colour blends and contrasts and the highly original designs, particularly of the girls' dresses, gave fresh delight in each scene. The brilliant Venetian red of Bianca's dress, soft yet so vivid, almost lit up the stage by itself, and the primrose and black of the other girls in the same scene was striking to a degree.

The difficult music was beautifully played under Berislav Klobucar's inspired leadership.

ROBERT PATERSON.

Hotel Sacher and *Juan of Zarissa* will be reviewed next month.

CHICAGO

George Balanchine's editions of Russian classics have never achieved a popularity in Chicago comparable to his more original ballets. This was quite evident when, for all but four performances of its three-week season, New York City Ballet danced *The Nutcracker* to an almost empty Civic Opera House. This two act, full evening Tchaikovsky ballet is unusual Balanchine in that it is dramatically well constructed but uninteresting in its dancing. I wonder how much Edwin Denby's famous Freudian interpretation of the ballet influenced Balanchine, for the infantile sexual themes Denby found implicit in the old Ivanov version are emphasized by Balanchine, but tastefully so. For instance, in the second act Balanchine substitutes a candy cane dance for Ivanov's Russian character dance and during this and the other "food" variations Balanchine's children do not merely watch the dancing but are served a feast of sweets. This insistence on food, throughout the second act is intended to represent the psychological culmination of infantile dreams. An incident in the first act, however, is not as easily explained by reference to the unconscious themes of this story; when the little girl's partner arrives late at the Christmas party, I am reminded of incidents in other Balanchine ballets. As for the dancing, I wish *The Nutcracker* could borrow the brilliant variations Balanchine devised for his edition of another Ivanov and Tchaikovsky classic, *Swan Lake*, Act 2, which in the latter work quite destroy the poetic image.



Left: A group from Jack Carter's ballet, to Shostakovich music, entitled *The Disenchanted*, and performed by the Netherlands Opera Ballet. It will be included in the programme, which this company is presenting as part of the Holland Festival

Photo: Parlicam

In 1946, Alexandra Danilova and Balanchine revived Petipa and Glazunov's *Raymonda* for Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. The production had only a limited success—in America, three act classical ballets were out of fashion at the time—but the final act's variations have survived in the repertory to this day. *Pas de Dix* is a further reworking of the Petipa variations and compared to the—at present—shabby dignity of the BRdMC production, this new NYC Ballet version is a virtuoso castrato, the least satisfying of Balanchine's editions of the classics. The beautiful variation for the supporting males has been eliminated; the successful blend of classical ballet and folk dancing in the older version has been replaced by a potpourri of trick steps derived from both sources. As a vehicle for Maria Tallchief, André Eglevsky and the supporting females, the steps serve. It also shows that N.Y.C. Ballet performers are beginning to adapt their dancing style to the requirements of particular ballets; unfortunately, the adaptation in this instance was toward the vulgar.

The Unicorn, The Gorgon and The Manticore was premiered at Washington's Coolidge Auditorium as a "madrigal opera" and later advertised as a "madrigal ballet" when it was added to the repertory of N.Y.C. Ballet. It fits into neither category and disappointed those who expected what its creators did not intend to supply. Chicago saw it under the title of a "madrigal fable" and as such the work was the outstanding success of the season. The simple, easy polyphony of Gian Carlo Menotti's music and the choreography of John Butler are excellent but secondary to the libretto, as in a didactic work they should be. On stage, ten dancers illustrate Menotti's verses which are sung from the orchestra pit. The choreography combines elements of classical ballet, acrobatics, folk dance and stylised gesture into what is, wisely, a pantomime rather than a ballet. It is to Butler's credit that this is continually interesting but not obtrusive, so that one never becomes absorbed in the dancing and forgets to listen to the words. From the May issue of *BALLET TODAY*, Hope Sheridan's description of the visual pattern bears repeating. "Butler's method of covering the stage is to set three pairs of characters into clockwise motion crab-fashion . . . each pair revolves by itself, like minor spheres, each dancer circling in the orbit of his partner. Occasionally solo figures make sorties through these groups, intermingling and disappear. It resembles carved wooden figures on some ancient German clock, who promenade with the striking of the hour." This stage action adds a necessary ounce of humour to the verses it illustrates, particularly in a *pas de deux* for the count (Roy Tobias) and the countess (Janet Reed) which is a muted apaché dance. Menotti's libretto, the primary component of the madrigal fable, is too concerned with the "foolish people" who imitate the poet's life (symbolised by the three mythical beasts of the title) and too little with the poet himself (magnificently acted by Nicholas Magallanes). More than the humour, Butler's pantomime suggests that perhaps the poet is a bit to blame for the people's foolishness.

Also new to Chicago were Todd Bolender's *Souvenirs*, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone "although, of course, as a ballet it

is very slight" and *The Still Point*, which did not repeat its New York and Munich successes. Two of the reasons for this are external to the ballet. In theme, music and even costuming, *The Still Point* is surprisingly similar to *Nocturne*, a Charles Bockman ballet which for the past several years has been in the repertory of Chicago Ballet Guild. There is a considerable difference in the choreographic treatment, Bolender's having the advantage of being simpler and Bockman's of being subtler. However, at a first viewing of *The Still Point* it was the similarities which impressed themselves. Also, the melodramatics of *The Still Point* are delivered in a style of pantomime based on "method" acting, against which Chicago audiences are developing a strong antipathy. (Last autumn, Geraldine Page—a method actress—was actually booed at the final performance of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*). But even people who did not know Bockman's ballet and who are not against "method", were displeased by *The Still Point*. General complaints were that the Bolender choreography did not listen to the Debussy music and that the delicate story of a girl's sexual development seems comic told in bold strokes without nuance. When the young man (Jacques d'Amboise) entered, saw the girl (Melissa Hayden) for the first time and fell to his knees, an elderly lady sitting near me loudly exclaimed, "So, and what's his neurosis?" Bolender's ballet did not answer this nor the question of the title's reference to a metaphysical passage in T.S. Eliot's poetry.

GEORGE JACKSON.

HOLLAND

WE all of us can number among our acquaintances the elderly married couple, of which the wife spends all her time nagging and grumbling at her husband, yet flies to his defence like an angry fury when an outsider dares to criticise him. Though I don't really feel married to the Royal Ballet, there must be something of this relationship in my attitude towards it, for though over twenty years' interest in the company gives me the right, I feel, to grumble at it to my heart's content, just let an outsider with superficial knowledge of the company criticise it and at once I get furious.

Thus, though it was very pleasant to read high praise in the local Press for Festival Ballet during its recent week at the Theatre Carre, Amsterdam, to say (as one local critic did) that this company leaves the Royal Ballet standing at the post can only, I feel, reveal his ignorance. However, as this gentleman is he who wrote, at the time of the Bolshoi performances in London last October, that "although London is going mad about the Soviet ballet, the more discriminating are in Brussels to watch the latest work of Balanchine" (sour grapes, maybe?) one need not bother oneself too much with his effusions.

Particularly appreciated in Holland were the dancing of Toni Lander and John Gilpin and the *Giselle* of Belinda Wright and Anton Dolin. It is rumoured that during the visit Dolin engaged the two leading male dancers of the Netherlands Opera Ballet, Martin Scheepers and Cesare Horn, for Festival Ballet when the season here

Continued on Page 9

BACK STAGE



Left: John Gilpin
Photo: Mydtskov
Right: Alicia Alonso



LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET IN PARIS

Ferdinand Reyna writes from Paris:

"It gives me much pleasure to report on the magnificent debut in Paris on May 8th at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées of London Festival Ballet directed by Anton Dolin.

"Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador in Paris, the diplomatic corps, great theatre stars, magnificent gowns from the famous fashion houses: all Paris had come to greet the English dancers. The programme consisted of *Les Sylphides*, *Symphony for Fun* and *Etudes*.

"Their success, which was apparent after the first ballet, steadily grew, and the evening ended in a veritable triumph, which was mingled with surprise, for the corps de ballet had so vastly improved since their last visit to Paris three years ago. John Gilpin was the real success of the evening. He is today a great dancer whose technique, suppleness, elegance and beauty on stage won for him the admiration of all. The same goes for Toni Lander, who was absolutely dazzling, and Belinda Wright, Flemming Flindt, Anita Landa, in fact everybody was a great success.

"The ballet *Etudes* which as we know has been one of the most admired creations of the Paris Opéra for many years, was impeccably danced by the company, and when allowances are made for their respective resources, *Etudes* presented by Anton Dolin was not inferior to the Paris Opéra production.

As the curtain fell on the last ballet in the last programme of the Anton Dolin company's season at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées on May 27th, thunderous applause broke out in the theatre and went on and on. At last Anton Dolin came up to the footlights and spoke a few words of thanks to the Parisian public for the welcome that had been given to his company. "Now," he said, "I feel certain that I may come back to Paris every year." This declaration was greeted with wholehearted applause by the audience. At a sign from the distinguished director of the company the orchestra played God Save the Queen and then the Marseillaise. It was very moving.

Indeed Anton Dolin's company has truly captured Paris.

The Festival Ballet visit has been made possible thanks to the combined efforts of the company's director general Mr. Braunschweig and of the great impresario Léonide Leonidoff, whom the French government have nominated Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur."

GAMBA COMPETITION

Ballet Today readers carried off the lion's share of the winning entries in the Gamba Spring Competition, results of which were announced at a cocktail party held in the firm's showrooms at 46, Dean Street, London. Of the first six winning entries, four were *Ballet Today* entrants.

Winners in Section A were:

- 1st Miss Rosalind Allan of Wembley
- 2nd Mlle. Barbara de la Mauvinière of Paris
- 3rd Miss Lorna Garrity of East Dulwich

Winners in Section B:

- 1st Miss Elizabeth McVie of Slough
- 1st Miss Jennifer Hebditch of Somerset
- 2nd Miss J. Pollard, Transvaal, S.A.
- 3rd Miss Jean Marion Renner of Hampstead

In the opinion of the judges, Pamela May, Felicity Gray and Mr. Edward Gamba, both Elizabeth McVie and Jennifer Hebditch merited a first prize in Section B, and it was therefore decided to award two prizes.

Rosalind Allan and Jennifer Hebditch were present in person to receive their prizes and afterwards they presented bouquets to Miss Gray and Pamela May.

In addition to the prizewinners listed above fourteen Consolation Prizes were awarded in Section A, eighteen in Section B, and a further nine special prizes.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

This year, the Swedish Opera Ballet will visit Great Britain for the first time, in connection with the Edinburgh Festival. The Swedish company will present six ballets, three of which have only recently had their first performance in Sweden. These three new ballets are:

Sisyphus with music by the Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl and choreography by Birgit Akesson. The leading dancers will be Mariane Orlando, Björn Holmgren, Mario Mengarelli and Teddy Rhodin.

The Prodigal Son with music by the Swedish composer Hugo Alfvén and choreography by Ivo Cramér. Leading dancers: Elsa-Marianne von Rosen and Björn Holmgren.

Cupid out of his humour, with music by Henry Purcell and choreography by Mary Skeaping. Principal dancers: Elsa-Marianne von Rosen and Björn Holmgren.

Cupid out of his humour is in its essential features taken from a court ballet from the time of Queen Kristina. The ballet was performed in its new form last year at the Drottningholm Theatre and attended by

H.M. Queen Elizabeth during her State Visit to Sweden.

The other three ballets will be *Giselle*, *Gaité Parisienne* and *Miss Julie*.

The Swedish Opera Ballet collaborates in the operatic performances at the Stockholm Opera, but it has also its own large repertoire. The corps de ballet is directed by Miss Mary Skeaping (formerly of Sadler's Wells Ballet), and she has produced, the two great Tchaikovsky ballets *The Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty*.

The Eleventh Edinburgh Festival takes place August 18th to September 7th.

BERYL GREY'S ADVENTURE

Her first free lance ballet tour is taking Beryl Grey in the footsteps of Adeline Patti—pretty nearly all over South America. Patti made over £1,000,000 (at the time when the £ was a golden sovereign!) from this trip. Beryl does not expect to be quite so richly rewarded—but the prospects are good. Up to the last moment of her leaving London (she had a party on the eve of her departure on May 14th) fresh dates were still being booked, although her start had been put forward a whole week to take in a sudden engagement. She could not tell even then all the places she would appear in: but the plan was to work only four nights a week and spend the remaining days sight-seeing. With immensely long hops by plane between "stands" it looked as if she would be seeing plenty!

"Provisionally, I believe I am appearing with resident companies at Santiago, Lima and the lovely Colon Theatre in Buenos Aires," she told *Ballet Today*, but apart from these guest performances, Oleg Briansky and I will also be giving quite a number of recitals. Our aim is to give our South American audiences not only the familiar ballets, but as many things as possible that they haven't seen before. Of course, I shall be doing the Queen from Ninette de Valois' *Checkmate* and we are also including *Sylvia*—for which, incidentally, the large size Cupid we require has been giving the local props' departments quite a bit to think about, I am told! But we are taking lots of our own scenery and props with us, and also, of course, our own costumes. It has been great fun designing these—yes, I designed most of them myself!"

"My old teacher, Audrey de Vos, has arranged two quite new ballets for us. One is based on Handel's *Water Music*, the other, which we call, *A Shawl, A Rose, A Glove*, is

BACKSTAGE



(continued)

to the music of Schumann's *Papillon*. We both hope to include at least the second act of *Giselle* in our offerings, but that will depend on what the local companies want, or can do. We shall certainly be going to Chile, Uruguay, Peru and Buenos Aires after leaving Rio, where we open. In August we are due back in England for a festival in King's Lynn—then South Africa."

Just the right height for the five-foot-six ballerina when she is on points. Oleg Briansky will be an ideal partner for Beryl.

Beryl is taking her mascot with her, a tiny painted Swedish wooden horse which her husband gave her eight years ago, and which she keeps in her handbag—for luck.

GOODBYE, PAULA

"Paula Hinton? Say, that's the British Nora Kaye, isn't it?" a cheerful American voice was recently heard to enquire in a crowded theatre foyer in the Hague. In a way, he was perfectly right. She could also be described by a French ballet fan as "La Zizi Anglaise." However, one might prefer—and Paula herself would doubtless prefer it too—to call her simply Paula Hinton, in her own right.

Paula Hinton has indeed made a very special name for herself in England, and a very special place in the hearts of the English public, usually so faithful to their languid, elegant, sleek Swan Queens. In fact, one could say that she has a more devoted following than any other English dancer performing beyond the confines of the Royal Ballet. But now English audiences are to lose her once again; she and her husband Walter Gore, permanently engaged for the Frankfurt Opera House, make one of the blackest marks on the sorry list (lengthening every day) of first-rate English dancers for whom there is no place in England. There are many whom we could spare more easily; "classical" dancers are plentiful in England, but where is there another with the drive, passion, speed and vitality of Paula Hinton? And in the meanwhile she has been dancing

in France a role which might have been the most telling of her career, if only we could have seen it—Death in *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* with Jean Babilée.

"I adored it," says Paula, "it's a marvellous part, and a wonderful ballet, and it was a great experience to work with Jean. I shall never forget it." The tour, of course, had its quota of accidents. One night, shortly after Phillipart, the creator of the role, had told her English successor always to wear brand new, hard pointe shoes for this ballet, it was discovered just before the performance that half the music had accidentally been rubbed off the tape; the two stars had to go through the first half of the ballet in silence—and Paula was wearing what she describes as the hardest, noisiest pair of new pointe shoes she ever had on. . . .

Apart from this mishap, however, she was satisfied—self-critical as she is—with her performance, and particularly pleased with her colleague's praise of the final scene, which she felt, in contrast to the heartlessness of the beginning, should be serene, compassionate and gentle—and a snapshot (published on this page) which was taken from the wings of the closing scene display all these qualities. One of the most musical of dancers, she found it fascinating to dance a whole ballet, as it were, "through" the music. "It just goes on," she says, "and you dance, and somehow it fits better than if it had been arranged bar by bar."

And now, Germany. Paula is looking forward to having a home of her own again—a luxury the Gores have been missing for nearly three years. "But," she says, "I feel that none of the experience we gained in Australia, and with our own company in England, will be wasted. For one thing, you're frightfully wary of being the slightest bit 'agin the Management' when you've been the Management yourself!" In any case, during their recent visit to Frankfurt, where Gore produced his *Wings of Sleep* for the company, they felt the Management to be wholly on their side; helpful, interested

and yet not anxious to interfere. The company is a mixed bag of Germans, Australians, Yugoslavs, one other English girl, there is now a special ballet conductor, and the Gores have hopes of forming a school in the future. There is also Hein Heckroth on hand, whom English audiences will remember for his designs for Ballets Jooss and for the Powell-Pressburger films *The Red Shoes* and *Tales of Hoffman*, and there are—dream of all choreographers—two theatres available, one large, one small, so repertoire can be fitted easily into whatever stage and auditorium are suitable.

All in all, things look bright for Paula and Walter, but in wishing them luck one must deplore the fact that English audiences should be denied the opportunity of seeing one of their most loved favourites. Here is a question for all the happy little Panglosses of the English ballet world. Is Paula Hinton really so easily replaceable that we can do without her? The Germans are busily engaged capturing world trade markets once again. Should we really allow them to capture our best dancers as well?

JANET SINCLAIR.

ALICIA ALONSO AND YOUSKEVITCH

Alicia Alonso, guest prima ballerina with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo for the past two years, concluded her contract with the termination of the Company's last appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening, May 4th.

Premier danseur Igor Youskevitch though under contract with the Ballet Russe until September, has announced that he, too, will leave at that time. Mr. Youskevitch also acted as artistic director of the ballet company.

Future plans for both dancers call for engagements abroad starting in September. Negotiations are under way for appearances in Mexico, South America and the Orient.

Miss Alonso, now vacationing in her Havana home, will return to the United States in mid-July to stage and star in a full-length production of *Coppelia* at the beautiful outdoor Greek Theatre in Los Angeles. General Director, James Doolittle, is producing the ballet especially for this summer's season and has signed André Eglevsky to appear opposite Miss Alonso. Niels Bjorn Larsen of the Royal Danish Ballet has been contracted to portray Dr. Coppélius, a role for which he is internationally known.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

The Directors of the Sadler's Wells Trust Ltd., have made a statement that as from September they will relinquish their responsibility for the administration of the Theatre Ballet, which will be taken over by the Directors of the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. Since the creation of the Royal Ballet it has been foreshadowed for some time that the two ballet companies would finally come under the same administration, but the decision to do so has had to be taken earlier than had originally been expected owing to the financial difficulties of Sadler's Wells. Although the theatre draws large and enthusiastic audiences, and despite increased support from the Arts Council, income is not enough to meet the steadily rising costs. Drastic changes must therefore be made, and rather than lower the artistic standard of performance, the Directors have also decided that no more new operas can be produced for a year.

The London season of the Theatre Ballet scheduled to commence July 1st for three weeks will still take place at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and after that it is hoped that the Company will continue to appear there from time to time.

LONDON BALLET MONTH

By

A. V. COTON



girl. She was Markova giving an impeccable performance of what I must call "the Markova style Giselle." For this to happen, several things had been done (possibly not too deliberately)—one was the schooling of her Albrecht into a manner of behaviour that suits Markova's needs in partnering, another was the rearranging of bits of the choreography, or the furniture, or the corps-de-ballet, into unusual positions and tempi. There were just enough of these differences for them to get under the edge of the nerves of most of the cast, so that we got a fairly stiff, hard-looking, performance from most of them. As Markova now dances fewer roles than a great violinist plays concertos, there ought to be a standard not only of execution, but also of sublime interpretation beyond what any other dancer can achieve, each time she performs. We—or at least one of us present—didn't find these rewards on this occasion.

BALLET RAMBERT TO CHINA

No-one ought to underestimate the importance of having the Ballet Rambert as our first large-scale theatrical embassy to go into Republican China. The scope of its repertoire and the fact that nearly all the ballets can be fully effective on stages smaller than those of opera house size, make it an excitingly interesting experience for a foreign audience. Apart from Pavlova's companies visiting what used to be the Treaty Ports and similar peripheral places in China, no other Western Ballet Company has yet been seen there. However much the "new China" is eager to study what the West has to teach or show, there will be something surprising for Chinese audiences in the spectacle of Western ballet, where every part of its conventions are so unlike the conventions of their own Theatre. If the Russians have already been showing Ballet there, it is a safe bet that they have been exporting concert groups similar to those they send to all the Western countries; real ballets (with decor) must be a novelty which could be a thought-provoking experience for the artists and technicians of the Chinese Theatre. Above all, the visit cannot fail to bring the company strongly into the light again here, and in Europe; for long now it has been too overshadowed by the achievements of its younger sister, The Royal Ballet, much of whose real artistic worth rests on ballets and dancers first created or nursed by Madame Rambert.

FUTURE OF THE JUNIOR BALLET

The bare announcement that the directors of Sadler's Wells intend to hand over administrative control of the ballet company to the Covent Garden Board next September, has caused dismay and regret, and nothing very positive has yet been said about what sort of fate the dancers (and the better ballets) will meet when (and IF) amalgamation takes place. On one level, of course, this is a defeat—a defeat of the notion that you can run a ballet company without a clear cut and complete policy of its own. The fact that the junior was always being compared unfavourably with the other and that dancers were led into a state of mind in which they thought of themselves as in some way inferior to the Covent Garden company; these things plus the fact of being ousted from Sadler's Wells two years ago to live almost non-stop on touring, showed the lack of a vital policy. Nobody seems to be worrying about the betrayal (if that isn't too harsh a word—and I don't think it is) of Lilian Baylis's original ideas about providing Theatre Art of some quality at modest prices at Sadler's Wells. Originally, it was called The Vic-Wells Ballet; from now neither the Old Vic nor the Wells comes into the calculations of the directorate apparently—or is there some big, pleasant, constructive surprise up somebody's sleeve ???

MARKOVA IN GISELLE

At the end of the month Markova opened a series of guest artist appearances at Covent Garden with *Giselle*; you could watch a superb demonstration of style—a style either copied consciously, or developed unconsciously, out of what little we know about the way this ballet was danced in its earliest years. As such, it was instructive, and even on one level of appreciation, moving at moments: but although Markova danced as seemingly effortlessly as a great ballerina ought to dance, she rarely suggested the character of the green country

HOLLAND—*contd. from page 6.*

is over, and that the Opera Ballet is to fill the gap by engaging Yuly Algaroff as premier danseur.

Walter Gore revived his *Bartlemas Dances* for the Ballet der Lage Landen on 22nd May in the Hague, with Clazina Nepveu and Rob Stuif in the roles originally danced by Sally Gilmour and Gore himself. Apart from mentioning that Stuif seems an odd choice for a Gore role, I am unable to comment further as the management of the company forgot to invite me to the première.

JANET SINCLAIR.

LATE NEWS

GALA PERFORMANCE

On 25th July, Twentieth Century Fox are presenting the European première of "Island in the Sun," based on Alec Waugh's best seller, at the Carlton Theatre, in the presence of H.R.H. Princess Margaret, President of the Royal Ballet. All moneys raised at this performance are being given to the Royal Ballet School at Princess Margaret's special request.

Above: Alicia Markova in *GISELLE*

PEGGY VAN PRAAGH'S IMPORTANT WORK

by

ELISABETHE CORATHIEL

FOR Peggy van Praagh a new office and a new title have been created—that of Overseas Producer to the Royal Ballet.

What exactly does this mean?

It means, primarily, that the prestige of British Ballet is sufficiently high for other countries to come to us for inspiration. Already some of our native ballets—*Rake's Progress*, for instance—have become classics. The desire of the national theatres of many countries to include British creations in their repertoires is a marked compliment. Where such importations take place, it is, of course, highly important that they should be true to the British tradition, and Peggy van Praagh, by virtue of her office, is available to give all necessary advice, to take charge of the transfer, if desired, and superintend the rehearsals. Already there is so much demand for her services that she is in the happy position to be able to pick and choose. During one of her brief visits to London recently, she gave *Ballet Today* some idea of her important overseas work.

"I have had three major assignments abroad since my career took this new direction," she said. "All very different—and all fascinating!"

When Alan Carter started his work in Munich, the impact was sensational. It certainly made the highly sophisticated and somewhat sated Munichers sit up! They had hardly expected so much originality from "conservative" England, and Carter capped his reputation by deciding to put on *The Rake's Progress* in its original Sadler's Wells form.

"Rumour had already run ahead of this production," said Miss van Praagh. "All the same, it was a brave choice, for the ballet is in every sense uncompromisingly British, and the 18th century London background, not to mention Hogarth's satirical humour, is not so universally familiar abroad that one could take the audience's immediate understanding for granted. So a great deal depended upon having every detail minutely correct. Those were the circumstances under which my new office was created, and I was invited to superintend the production for the Munich State Opera."

Peggy's next assignment was something quite different. She was invited by Celia Franca, who is doing such important work in launching the National Ballet of Canada, to be a "guest Instructor" at the Ballet's Summer School. Altogether she stayed there for three months, in the course of which, besides teaching, she produced a ballet—Ashton's *Les Rendezvous*.

"My Canadian summer was an interesting experience, and I formed the highest opinion of Canada's potentialities in the ballet field, thanks to Celia Franca's able pioneer work," said Miss van Praagh.

She had scarcely got back to London when a call came from the Royal Danish Ballet—and this was the greatest compliment of all. She was invited to proceed to Copenhagen, in order to launch rehearsals for their entirely new production of *The Sleeping Princess*. Now this is not even an English ballet; it is a Russian one. It speaks volumes for the esteem in which our native talent is now held that the

Danish Royal Ballet should have chosen, out of all possible models, to base their version on the Sadler's Wells pattern.

In the initial stages, the Danish dancers worked under the direction of Peggy van Praagh, who found them earnest, intelligent and most co-operative. Dame Ninette de Valois was able to spare ten days of her valuable time to see the production through its final rehearsals, staying for the first night, which was an artistic and social triumph. The prestige of British ballet had probably never before stood so high.

Not all of Miss van Praagh's work lies overseas. She devotes a good deal of her attention to Television Ballet, especially for children, an avenue which she started exploring long before the War, in the old Alexandra Palace days. Now she writes her own scripts, directs the dancers, and often appears in the programmes herself as commentator.

Like Margaret Dale, she finds it an immense advantage in television work to have been a dancer herself—she understands the difficulties from the dancer's point of view. Another advantage in this and in other particular lines she had chosen is that she has what might be called a pedagogic type of mind. She probably inherited an analytical bent from her father, who was a doctor. This manifested itself quite early; she had already started teaching at the ripe age of 14! Her people thought she would probably do something with ballet, although they did not exactly visualise her on the stage. Seeing that she liked teaching, and had perhaps some talent for it, they set her up in a little school of her own near her home in Hampstead, and her father used to send her his "difficult" children, with whom she soon had quite a measure of success. It was only when, some time later, she took the Cecchetti Society Advanced Examination (with Madame Rambert as examiner) that she had a chance of becoming a professional ballet dancer. She was offered a place in the Rambert Company, her real line being demi-character work, though in this company the means were so slender that all took a turn in classical ballet and everything else that was going! It was grand experience, and she had the privilege of creating many new roles, particularly in Antony Tudor's ballets. From the Ballet Rambert she went on to Sadler's Wells, in the days when that company was still struggling, and appeared with it right through the War. When the company made Covent Garden its permanent home, and the separate Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet was formed, Dame Ninette—quick to recognise that afore-mentioned pedagogic quality!—suggested she should take charge of the new group, acting as a kind of deputy to herself in keeping the standard up to the highest tradition.

"I will not deny that at the time it was a great wrench to give up my work as soloist with the parent company," said Peggy, "but looking back over the years I spent with the Theatre Ballet, I now have no regrets and remember proudly and happily those ten years. My present role of Overseas Producer is a follow-through of the same idea, on lines that leave me free to travel and accept a variety of assignments."

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

Made in France

Fabiola

fully fashioned

NYLON STRETCH TIGHTS

as worn by members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet

Black, White,
Flesh, Light &
Dark Tan**FROM LEADING
THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS**Sizes:
Average
Large**Insist on****Fabiola Fully Fashioned Tights****for the
Ballerina
of the family**

Official Stockists to the R.A.D.

We Stock (Price List-2½d)

- Exam. Garments, Tights, Leotards & Specialized Underwear etc.,
- Ballet, Tap, Character Shoes etc.,
- Leichner Stage Make-up.
- Personal Visitors Welcomed.
- Mail/Phone Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

HOME TRADE & EXPORT.**E. GANDOLFI LTD.**
Theatrical and Ballet
Shoe MakersShowroom
Dorset House, 150 Marylebone
Rd. London, N.W.1
(near Baker St. Station)
WELbeck 6049 and 8083



*An early T.V. ballet at Alexandra Palace
(Peggy van Praagh right, Elizabeth Schooling left)*

*At the dress rehearsal with Heino Hallhuber, who played the "Rake."
Photo: Rudolf Betz*



With the artistic staff of the National Ballet of Canada at their Washington rehearsal of Rendezvous. Left to right, Lois Smith, Glenn Gibson, Peggy van Praagh, Betty Oliphant (ballet mistress), Babs McKay (accompanist), David Adams, Celia Franca, Andre Dufresne (stage manager).

Rehearsing Margrethe Schanne in Princess Aurora, Copenhagen, 1957. Photo: Mydtskov.



MARILYN BURR



MARILYN BURR received her first training in native Australia, where she was fifteen. Her first role was with the National Ballet of Australia for eight weeks with the Company. She then decided to go to England and soon afterwards she joined Festival Ballet.

With Festival Ballet she has danced in Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, U.S.A., Canada and South Africa. She enjoys dancing in Spain perhaps most of all.

She lists her hobbies as dressmaking (A picture of her cutting her husband's dress in the June issue.) She also helped Louis with their flat.

One wall in their living room is covered with dozens of small liqueur bottles from the countries they visit on tour.

Since Louis made her a present of a pair of breed toy poodles.

Husband and wife often dance together providing it is not point work. She says her points is too tall for Louis. Marilyn's, and she feels that the ballet to have so many fine male dancers.

Her favourite role is the Esmeralda in the ballet *Giselle*.

Roles danced

Australian National Ballet

Odile in
Princess Aurora
The Waltz and Mazurka in
Peter and The Cat in

London Festival Ballet

Odette-Odile in
Waltz, Pas de Deux and Mazurka in
The Snow Queen and Sugar Plum in
First Hand in
Zobeide in
Grisi and Grahni in
Esmeralda in
Leading role in
The Rumba in 2nd movement
Waltz of the Flowers in
Swanilda and Leading Czardas in



1. In
2. *Allegretto*
3. As
4. As

dancing lessons in her
 career at the age of
 Swan, which she danced
 age of sixteen after only
 had with the Company
 gland to try her luck.
 mime at the Palladium,
 and has remained with

ance, Germany, Spain,
 and, Monaco, Israel, the
 year has been with the
 season in Paris. She
 any other country.
 ting—and cutting hair!
 was published in our
 er husband, to decorate

with a screen on which
 ke a hobby of collecting

ilyn has an ambition to

and Marilyn likes this
 long arms, and when on
 is a great favourite of
 of today are very lucky
 hem.
 deux, and her favourite

v, 1948-1951
Swan Lake
Aurora's Wedding
Les Sylphides
Peter and the Wolf
 1956
Swan Lake
Les Sylphides
Casse Noisette
La Beau Danube
Scheherazade
Pas de Quatre
Esmeralda
Concerto (Greig)
Homage to a Princess
Alice in Wonderland
Coppelia

otos
 site page
 with John Gilpin.
 ce Davis
 derland
 n *Scheherazade*
 page;
 in *Coppelia*
 milton Walter



The Festival Ballet Season in London commences 9th July



Olga Spessivtseva

THE REMINISCENCES OF BORIS KNIASEFF

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

OF

OLGA SPESSIVTSEVA

EVEN in a life rich in encounters, there is only one real one—that which leaves an ineradicable memory and often seems to be a critical moment in our existence. Thinking of it we are vaguely disturbed—as though we were suddenly to penetrate the barriers of an unreal world.

There is one such incident in my life—my meeting with Olga Spessivtseva. Even now I can recall, as clearly as though it were yesterday, that bright sunny day in Rome when, seated on a fashionable café terrace, I was leafing through a thick evening paper.

Its columns offered me pictures of well-known politicians of the time, and there were fat headlines about the latest armament and disarmament conferences. For many people, I suppose, those were the essential parts of the paper; at any rate, the Italians seated around me were noisily discussing politics and—to make his point more forcibly—one of them would from time to time smite the open pages of his paper.

But I, as usual, was far away from all that, and I quickly turned the pages looking for the heading that would interest me—the one which the papers usually call “Theatre and the Arts.”

At that time I, like many young ballet dancers, was hesitating at the intersection of two roads leading in different directions—one towards classicism, the other towards modernism. The first time I heard that word, I didn’t understand it and I didn’t like it . . .

Most young representatives of the ballet about that period were fidgeting indecisively at that dangerous crossing. I was not altogether of their company: my whole temperament, my soul, “me” deep down, kept me obstinately on the classic road. My youth, my hot blood and rich imagination thrust me no less strongly down the path of dubious experiments.

When I look back now on those days and these two diametrically opposite ways of the ballet art which then lay open to us, the first—classicism—seemed to me a very hilly road, leading towards some far-off, almost unattainable goal. The second way—that of novelty for its own sake, seemed to me so easy that it might be a slippery slope.

I do not mean to say that a new conception is dangerous of itself, but its accompanying attractions and the intense emotions it may arouse about an art may prevent one taking possible dangers into account. There is a risk of the artist being drawn into a dizzy kaleidoscopic whirlpool which will prevent him seeing the inherent difficulties of his art; and then he is in danger of forgetting the fundamentals of ballet, by attending only to the spectacular, tinkling character which this sort of choreographic creation may possess. The danger of new conceptions does not lie in a healthy wish for innovation but in too much of it—because then the artist becomes the prey of what Valéry calls “the demon of change for the sake of change.”

Cubism, for instance, has artistic value and is founded on a legitimate and original conception of art, but it has condemned itself by its own excesses. The ballet is threatened by a like form of suicide; that is what I mean when I warn dancers against new conceptions. I would like to show them that their chosen road is unstable and does not suffice by itself. Dancers who have stuck to it and who still shine in the dance firmament can never get to the end, because they lack the foundation which only a classical training can give them.

Whether they like it or not, they must first learn all they can from tradition before bringing it up to date. They run the risk of going blindly on and missing the discernment intrinsic in classical ballet. Of course, I do not mean to suggest that the making of innovations in academic ballet should be forbidden. Quite the contrary, I am absolutely convinced that a too strictly conservative conception is much more dangerous.

Classical ballet must not become too rigid. It must always take care to be up to the minute. For my part, I devote all my energies to this end. I would develop to the full, the first principles contained in classical ballet, the incomparable richness of which has not yet been revealed. Only after that, could I go ahead and introduce changes but these would be based on the classical dance and kept within its difficult limits. All the time, care would be taken not to disfigure the classical art.

In this respect, Diaghilev showed himself prudent and respectful towards classical ballet at the beginning. In all his experiments along new lines, he left the classical heritage intact. He explored in all directions without ever reaching classicism in the strict sense of the word. Thus it was easy for him to return to it. As for me, I had never left it and it was not my inner conviction alone which influenced my choice. The question was in large part settled by my meeting with Olga Spessivtseva.

Once again I turned the pages of my evening paper and suddenly all my surroundings ceased to exist for me. It is possible that at that moment, I must have let out an exclamation of joyous surprise for I remember that the Italians seated near me turned round and looked at me with interest. Probably, they decided that my ticket had carried off the big prize in the national lottery. They did not know that at that moment, I had gained incomparably more. In the paper’s theatre column, I read a simple piece of information which was for me full of significance: the Ballet Russe of Serge Diaghilev are repeating in London *The Sleeping Beauty* with Olga Spessivtseva in the lead. These few words jumped out at me arousing a delirious joy and a confused presentiment. The orchestra in the Italian café began a selection of Tchaikovsky melodies and this completed in an amazing way the strange enchantment of the moment.

Diaghilev was presenting *The Sleeping Beauty*. He was presenting this ballet after a series of experiments in a new idiom from which he and his company had suffered of late years. Already, this thought alone aroused in me a joyous exaltation and lifted as it were a heavy weight from my soul. This meant—all my doubts are over. This meant—I must give up all ideas on modernism since Diaghilev himself after attempting to follow this path had returned to eternal classicism.

The name of Olga Spessivtseva stimulated still more my interest. I had already heard much about her but I had not yet seen her. The fact that she had only just arrived from Russia gave her name a strange, disquieting flavour. At that time, it was still novel and tragically poignant to be linked at one and the same time with the Russian Ballet and the Ballet Russe. Only just the other day, the heavy curtain of the Grand Theatre of Moscow and of Petrograd had opened before her. She was the messenger of the art of her country and was one with it. The happy, brilliant days in Rome seemed suddenly interminable and enervating. I began to reckon up how long it was to the end of my contract and when the last day had passed, the very first express train carried me off towards London.

London greeted me with a fog, but I had in my heart a sun-drenched spring. Often strangers do not like London. She seems to them cold and inhospitable. However, it is always with a special pleasure that I arrive on the banks of the Thames. It is so like the Neva. Is there not something about London that reminds one of Petrograd? I recall with joy my childhood spent in that city when I step down from the train on to the grey pavements of London.

On this occasion, the resemblance between London and Petrograd was for me all the more moving. The names of Tchaikovsky, Diaghilev and Spessivtseva looked down on me from the theatre posters. Unfortunately, I arrived too late for the first performance. When I reached London, *The Sleeping Beauty* had already been seen several times. However, according to the Londoners I spoke to on the train, all the performances of this ballet had been as triumphant as on the first night.

That very evening, with a complex feeling of curiosity, solemn enthusiasm and incomprehensible emotion, I took my seat in the stalls. I had of course seen *The Sleeping Beauty* several times and I had also danced in the ballet often myself. But I must say that none of these performances had so imprinted itself on my memory as this spectacle given in London by the Diaghilev company. The amazing décors, the original costumes, the marvellous unity of the orchestra and the presence both on stage and in the theatre of almost all the personalities of the classical dance world gave to this spectacle an unforgettable atmosphere.

It was clear that Diaghilev wished to celebrate his return to the eternal classical tradition after a series of awkward experiments along new lines, with all the aesthetic breadth of which he alone was capable.

This solemn circumstance apart, I was waiting for one thing in this spectacle: the appearance of Olga Spessivtseva. As a matter of fact, I was not the only one that evening completely preoccupied by her. Even before the rising of the curtain, the name of Spessivtseva was being spoken around me in a variety of languages and accents.

A section of the public had already seen her. The other section had only heard tell of her. They were waiting for her with the emotion of amateurs passionately interested in ballet who are looking for the appearance of a new star in the dance world. My feelings were however different from those which animated the public. I was awaiting the appearance of Spessivtseva with the confused feeling that the most marvellous moment of my life was approaching.

It is clear to me that I had a presentiment at that time that when I met her it would be a meeting experienced only once in one’s life. That is why I had rushed to London. That is why I had a strange feeling sitting there in the stalls. I know now that all my actions

were governed then by that mysterious thread, that unknown factor which at times forces us to do what fate has destined for us. I know now that then without willing it, I had been roused and impelled by fate to go to London and capture for once in my life the immense gift of an irreplaceable meeting.

I did not know this till much later. At that moment, I did not see all this clearly, and I did not attempt to explain the strange emotion that seized me completely and which grew stronger and stronger as the moment for the appearance of Olga Spessivtseva drew near.

Then she appeared. Deafening applause broke out in the theatre and was about to become a tumultuous ovation when as if by the wave of a magic wand, it broke off suddenly and remained as if suspended in mid-air—as if the public did not want to disturb by its noise the miraculous enchantment of the moment. And the public was right. It was also true that she who appeared at that moment on the stage was not comparable to the great ballerinas who throw the calm London public into a state of unrestrained enthusiasm. Olga Spessivtseva appeared on the stage or more exactly, through the form of Olga Spessivtseva, the living incarnation of Terpsichore had appeared.

Despite my youth, I was by no means a novice in ballet matters. I had already seen Anna Pavlova several times. I had already partnered Maria Ioueva, Lulia Sedova and Tamara Karsavina. That is why it was difficult for me to go into ecstasies over presentations of classical dancing. Olga Spessivtseva however astounded me. She charmed me, she conquered me and made me for ever the devoted admirer of her marvellous dancing genius.

Later, I saw Spessivtseva on the stage an incalculable number of times. I partnered her on several occasions. Never for an instant did I depart from the unforgettable impression she made on me during this London spectacle.

Now when I try to fathom what it was that captivated me particularly that evening in the art of Spessivtseva, I think least of all of her amazing technique. Such a technique is possessed by other great danseuses and was such a minute part of Spessivtseva's art. As a matter of fact, one cannot speak of the art of Spessivtseva as what she did on the stage seemed to be something far beyond what is called art and certainly far removed from our banal earthly life.

She had an unearthly or more exactly some celestial quality. I would say that real unreality was so clearly expressed by her that at times it seemed as if all this did not come from her but was transmitted to us through her by a superior force beyond our ken; it was astounding the genius of Spessivtseva which had been introduced into the till then secret world of art.

Her technique was no more than the means by which she gave a dazzling expression of her unearthly gift and this technique did not for an instant monopolize the images she was creating, but on the contrary, was perfectly effaced and took second place behind the spiritual force which radiated from her.

Perhaps, this unearthly quality was in its way a reflection of the force exerted by the prophets who according to the poet "burn by words the hearts of men." Spessivtseva was a classical dancer. The classical ballet is a dumb art. She could not burn our hearts by words but she burned them by her astounding dancing genius and that first evening it came to me that she had been sent by providence itself at this difficult time for classical dancing so that all who hesitate should be preserved from falling into the abyss of bad taste and should be led with her along the beautiful and eternal road of classicism.

I do not know if those who saw her that evening had the same impression but that is how I felt, and I remember that at the end of the performance I hurled myself like a thing demented into the wings to see at close quarters this living incarnation of Terpsichore, come down into this sad world of sinners to give us the fruits of her extraordinary genius.

I was no stranger to the world backstage. At that time, I had known admirers pressing forward into my own dressing room with the emotion fitting those who have come from the auditorium into the world of the wings with that character all its own. However, when I stood with my friends at the doorway of Spessivtseva's dressing room I almost had the heart of a schoolboy.

I remember hesitating several seconds on the threshold although the door was open and the room full of people. It was as if I had not decided whether to enter and see this goddess of dancing in the informal surroundings backstage. No doubt, I was afraid, though I was not aware of it, lest I destroyed the divine enchantment which had taken possession of my soul. After a while, I entered. Although there were a dozen people in the room, I saw only one, a slender young woman with large dark eyes who seemed not of this world, seated in the corner right ahead of me. For the first few moments I saw only those eyes at once sad and terrified. She looked around all those in the room as if she could not understand why they had come there and what they wanted. It was as if she sought in someone protection from these incomprehensible strangers. She reminded me of a bird with broken wings who cannot fly off into the sky and feels abandoned and frightened as it looks in all directions and examines with terror those around. I do not remember who introduced me to her. I do not remember what we spoke about. I only remember that she said

she had already heard tell of me and that filled my heart with joy and pride.

After two days, I had to leave London. Amidst so many impressions, I left remembering only this slender magician of the dance with sad unearthly eyes. That magician who from the moment she appeared on the London stage, saved me from new trends in dancing and strengthened my faith in the eternal classical art which has been revered for centuries by the best amongst us.

After our meeting in London we exchanged several letters. The following year, I came to Paris. Spessivtseva at that time was dancing at the Opéra her immortal Giselle. We met again. This meeting decided our future for many years to come and for me in addition it meant a brilliant, productive period of creation as dancer, choreographer and author.

When I think of the road I had taken and the years spent working with her, there awakens in me not only the luminous joy of those years but also a bitter reproach against fate which traced out such a strange and cruel path in life for this remarkable, unique woman. However, taking another point of view, one could say that fate gave her more than it had done any other danseuse.

How could it be that this danseuse illuminated with genius, this veritable high priestess of the classical dance should have shone like a dazzling meteor in the ballet sky of our day and having achieved her brief shining way, should have disappeared into nothing. I believe the cause lies in the terrible times in which we live. In our day, deplorable as it is, talent alone does not permit one to follow a career in keeping with one's gifts. It is hardly likely that skill alone plays as much part as other means such as publicity, contacts even political ones, and of course intrigues.

Coca Cola is not the most completely refreshing of drinks but there is no-one who does not know of its existence and who has not at some time tasted it. Commerce, and its inevitable companion, publicity, have taken possession of art itself with their enraged attacks. There are mediocre artists who thanks to publicity, contacts and money have the same place in the dance world as Coca Cola. They are far from being the greatest artists but there is no-one who does not know of their existence and who has not even succumbed to the misleading furore and gone to see them perform. How many real talents are unknown to the general public, just because they cannot or will not transform themselves into fashionable merchandise to be backed up by publicity and thrown as fodder to the crowd?

Olga Spessivtseva followed her artistic road without recourse to these means which for a real artist constitute a humiliating method of cheap self-advertisement. She made her way in brilliant solitude and entered our lives as a luminous vision from another world which was anxious to return there.

The man in the street did not know Spessivtseva, and she could not know him. But there is no-one initiated in the art who did not know of her and make of her a goddess. This astounding woman, this incomparable goddess, made her way alone without impresario, without contacts, without publicity and without the support of the powerful ones of the world. For our good fortune (and truly to see her was good fortune), and by bad luck for her, Spessivtseva was born in our terrible era, a period of lesser mortals in a deformed theatre where there is no real appreciation of talent and where beauty, spiritual beauty I mean, has no value and where with the wave of a golden wand, destiny was leading a strange beauty to the art world. If Spessivtseva had been born in the time of Taglioni, it would have been a great happiness for her and one would perhaps have asked, which of the two would be recognised in ballet journals as the greater.

When one turns from our epoch and plunges into the vast tomes dealing with bygone days in the ballet world, then what sighs of sadness and regret are dragged from the heart of every one devoted to the art. What a period that was.

It was no richer than ours in quantity and quality of talent, but a hundred times more rich than ours in those who are in love with ballet and who en throne it in their hearts and sacrifice for it all they can. They sought out those with talent and did all they could to help them, making idols before whom they could worship and before whom all future generations were to bow down.

Art like a rare and capricious plant cannot live without the care of the connoisseur. Did they exist in bygone days, these connoisseurs? How few of them there are to-day in our inhospitable era of technical progress and chasing after dividends, which bends to the will of the common herd and to the budget of the impresario and sees in art only what it can get out of it. In our day, we think not so much of developing talent as of selling it as quickly as possible. It is likely that there has never been such a number of talented youngsters whom people without conscience drag from their studies and at the age of eight or ten, toss out like bargains over the counter of a bazaar and thus kill almost always in these children the great artists they could have become if their development had been normal.

Far removed from our age by her spiritual quality, Spessivtseva was also far removed from all those who in our day impose on art—men giving orders from their offices with large account books, calculating machines and new publicity stunts to hand.

To be continued

MEN IN BALLET

By SONIA ROBERTS

LOUIS GODFREY's first contact with ballet was when at the age of ten, he was sent to dancing classes because it was thought that the exercise would cure his weak chest. At that stage he had no particular desire to become a dancer, like most small boys he wanted to become an engine driver. Even now speed exercises a fascination for him. He is "mad about 'planes" and thinks that if he had not become a dancer he would have probably taken up some profession which had to do with flying. He lists driving a car as one of his chief relaxations and his prosperity as a dancer has been marked by the acquisition of newer, smarter cars, starting with a motor scooter and graduating to his present possession of a new Ford Anglia.

To start with he studied tap dancing and his first professional engagement was in a production of *Oklahoma* back home in South Africa. Prior to this he had worked with an amateur ballet group for five years.

When he came to England in July 1949, he was one of the troupe of two men and twelve girls who together with Markova and Dolin, formed the Markova-Dolin ballet. When this group temporarily disbanded he went to study at the Sadler's Wells School. Although the routine of solid study was less exciting than the life of a touring dancer, Louis Godfrey did not mind because he felt that this period really helped him to make progress as a dancer. He appeared with the Wells Opera Ballet and walked on at Covent Garden. It was while at the Sadler's Wells school he met Ronald Emblem and the two are still firm friends.

When in April 1950, Festival Ballet was formed Louis Godfrey joined the company, in which there now remains only about four of the original members. Festival Ballet has always adopted the policy of making stars from its own ranks and Louis Godfrey's is a case in point. His progress from the ranks has been slow but sure until the past year, when he has taken over many leading roles, among them the Nutcracker Prince.

The latter he regards as one of the most difficult he has yet tackled. "It is difficult for me," he explained, "because primarily I regard myself as a demi-caractère, rather than a classical dancer.

A role he particularly enjoys dancing, is the Blackamoor in *Petrouchka*. "He is a character that really needs delving into. My interpretation is that he is not really a human being at all but purely a doll on whom some human characteristics have been laid by means of a spell." Louis also enjoys dancing in *Coppelia*.

Louis Godfrey believes that when a ballet makes use of a story, the story must be essentially a simple one capable of interpretation in purely dance terms. Simplicity of approach is a feature of his own attitude to his art. He has little patience with people, dancers or audience, who like to wrap the art up in obscure emotionalism, his own



in *Coppelia*

photo Hamilton Walter

LOUIS GODFREY

MEN IN BALLET—(contd.)

matter-of-fact sense of humour cuts through such unnecessary frills immediately.

Perhaps it is his directness of approach that made him make a speciality of Spanish numbers, although he says this was accidental. He still performs the Spanish variation in *Nutcracker* and in the early days of the company had a Spanish ballet built round Anita Landa and himself by Anna Ricarda. He naturally looks back on this ballet with affection and has a great admiration for the work of Ricarda as a choreographer.

In 1954 he married Marilyn Burr, who is now one of Festival Ballet's ballerinas. Although neither of them claim it was love at first sight, in fact their first reaction to each other was mild dislike, their friendship and courtship soon followed in the fairy tale setting of Monte Carlo. They were married on December 20th in Los Angeles, and when they set up their first home—a flat in London—Louis Godfrey found himself in a new role, interior decorator and master painter. Although he hesitates to call himself domesticated, he can cook. This is a legacy of his bachelor days when he preferred to try his own hand at cooking, in preference to some of the meals he encountered on provincial tours.

Last year the Burr-Godfrey ménage acquired a new member, a white poodle named Candy. Although a present to Marilyn and theoretically her dog, the pride in ownership is a joint affair. "I have always been fond of dogs—all animals in fact. At home when I was a child, we always had pets, dogs and budgies. I think every home needs a dog, and ours is ideally suited to flat dwelling. She is small and compact and therefore very easy to take on tour with us."

Since the arrival of the dog, poodles loom large among Louis Godfrey's collection of mascots. At present the current number is seven. "It varies from time to time—china ornaments are rather apt to get broken or lost on tour. I am not really superstitious about mascots, but I do always like to have some around," he confesses.

Finally, I asked Louis Godfrey for his views on dancing as a profession, did the material rewards really compensate for all the hard work, of the corps de ballet years. "I think they do, if one can get to the top," he replied. "The early stages, particularly corps de ballet work can be very gruelling but like all dancers I have always cherished the belief that one day there would be a place at the top for me."

Asked what in his opinion was the secret of success, Louis Godfrey answered: "Personality—it is originally something innate but I believe it can be developed, brought out, by careful application—artistic sensibility and carefully training in the early years to build a reserve of stamina, for the long climb to the top and to enable one to stay at the top for a period of fifteen to twenty years once one's peak is reached..."

He broke off, he was thoughtful for a few moments, and entirely earnest for the first time in our interview. "I am not really in a position to be able to tell you the secret of success as a dancer," he said. "If you want the answer to a question like that, I should go and ask Mr. Dolin."

Men in Ballet series		Still Available	
John Gilpin	.. Nov. 1955	.. 1/-	
Anton Dolin	.. Dec. 1955	.. 2/-	
John Field	.. Mar. 1956	.. 1/3	
Philip Chatfield	.. June, 1956	.. 1/3	
David Blair	.. July, 1956	.. 1/3	
Erik Bruhn	.. Oct. 1956	.. 1/6	
Milorad Miskovitch	Jan./Feb. 1957	.. 1/6	
Flemming Flindt	.. Mar. 1957	.. 1/6	
Bryan Ashbridge	.. June, 1957	.. 1/6	
(Please add 3d. for postage.)			

New Recordings

Reviewed by
BEDFORD CROWLE

LE ROSSIGNOL (*Stravinsky*). *Soloists with The French Radio Chorus and Orchestra (Cluytens)*. Columbia 33CX1437. LE CHANT DU ROSSIGNOL and PULCINELLA SUITE (*Stravinsky*). *Suisse Romande Orchestra (Ansermet)*. Decca LXT5233.

These are two most enjoyable discs, very well performed and excellently recorded. Sir Thomas Beecham was responsible for the first performance of Stravinsky's opera at Drury Lane in 1914, from which the symphonic poem, *Le Chant du Rossignol*, was taken, and choreographed by Massine in 1920. The later version by Balanchine gave the youthful Markova her first created role. The score was begun in 1908 and completed in 1913, so that we have the lyrical and the more advanced Stravinsky in the same work, making most interesting listening. Ansermet's conducting, of the *Pulcinella Suite* is almost as good so that, all in all, followers of this composer will consider both these records as essential acquisitions.

HOLBERG SUITE, LYRIC SUITE, WEDDING AT TROLDHAUGEN and NORWEGIAN DANCES Op. 35 (*Greig*). *Bamberg S.O. (Remoortel)*. Vox PL9840.

There must be many ballet-goers who wish to be reminded of Andrée Howard's ballet, *Twelfth Night*, which was so popular in repertoire of the International Ballet Company. Part of the music was taken from the Holberg Suite, the spirit of which Remoortel has captured so charmingly. In fact it is a delightful disc which everyone should enjoy and will please our Australian friends as it includes the *Lyric Suite* which Martyn choreographed for the Melbourne Ballet Guild.

ROMEO AND JULIET (*Tchaikovsky*). DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION (*R. Strauss*). *Philharmonia Orchestra (Galliera)*. Columbia 33CX1328. DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION and DON JUAN (*R. Strauss*). *New York P.S.O. (Walter)*. Philips ABR4058.

Many choreographers have been drawn to the Tchaikovsky work, including Lifar and Skibine, while Ashton had a fair measure of success with his ballet, *Don Juan*. The other Strauss item was part of the music which Mona Inglesley set to her masque-cum-ballet, *Everyman*, and Galliera gives it probably its finest recorded performance, coupled with a very handsome *Romeo*. Although I admire Bruno Walter a great deal, his interpretation of Strauss is by no means up to the same standard and on this occasion, the recording does not help.

THE WALK TO THE PARADISE GARDEN, BRIGG FAIR, A SONG OF SUMMER, ON HEARING THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING (*Delius*). *L.S.O. (Collins)*. Decca LXT2788.

Although this is not a new issue, I feel I must include it, being a record of such exquisite charm. Collins is not a Beecham but nevertheless he is here a very close second. Antony Tudor found his inspiration in Delius' scores for his *Romeo and Juliet*, instead of Tchaikovsky's more favoured score, and includes the first two items of this disc.

PORTRAIT OF DON QUIXOTE SUITE (*Petrassi*). SYMPHONY No. 6 (*Malipiero*). *Scarlatti Orchestra (Caracciolo)*. Columbia 33CX1414.

That these two works are by modern Italian composers need not frighten even the most timid listener, for there are many lyrical passages of real beauty. The suite is almost the complete score of Aurol Milloss' ballet for Les Ballets des Champs Elysées and David Drew's excellent sleeve notes make the action easy to follow. Caracciolo seems to have a sympathetic understanding of the composer's intentions and secures some fine playing, apart from an occasional blemish from the horns. The recording is good and clear.

MA MÈRE L'OYE (*Ravel*). LA MER (*Debussy*). *Suisse Romande Orchestra (Ansermet)*. Decca LXT2632.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre audience will long remember Elizabeth Miller and David Poole in Cranko's *Beauty and the Beast*, set to Ravel's *Mother Goose*. They caught the feeling of the music so well and he, in particular, is a serious loss to the Royal Ballet. It is always obvious that Ansermet gives much thought to everything he conducts and this is evident in both these works.

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION (*Moussorgsky*). *Philharmonia Orchestra (Karajan)*. Columbia 33CX1421.

This and the "Bare Mountain" were both used in 1949 by Julian Algo for *Visions*, his successful ballet for International Ballet. There are many competitors, and of those I have heard, Karajan's colourful performance and the fine recording place this disc at their head.

SYMPHONIES No. 1 and 4. (*Schumann*). *Israel P.O. (Kletzki)*. Columbia 33CX1419.

Kletzki leads the field with his performance of Schumann's First—John Taras' choice for his *Perséphone*, and Dokoudovsky's at Jacob's Pillow last summer. His variation of tempo is insufficient to worry me but in the Fourth it is marked and somewhat disturbing. Recording good.

To BALLET TODAY

I enclose 17s. 6d. Please send BALLET TO-DAY for twelve months as from the.....issue.

Name (Block letters please).....

Address

Subscription Rate for 10 issues per year Inland and Overseas 17s. 6d. per annum.

Single copies 1s. 6d. monthly, post 3d. extra.

BALLET TODAY, 15, Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

Remittances from abroad must be made payable in England.

BALLET

Outstanding

Music



Tchaikovsky

Sleeping Beauty Ballet

	12" L.P.
Prologue—The Christening	MRL 2524
Act I—The Spell	MRL 2525
Act II—The Vision	MRL 2526
Act III—Aurora's Wedding	MRL 2527

The Nutcracker Ballet OP.71

(Complete—automatic coupling)

MRL 2508

12" L.P.
MRL 2509

Swan Lake Ballet

	12" L.P.
Act I (Part I and Conclusion)	MRL 2528
Act 2 and Act 4	MRL 2529
Act 3 (Part I and Conclusion)	MRL 2530

ANTAL DORATI

conducting the
Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

The Sleeping Beauty Ballet

... the performance by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra is outstandingly vivid under Antal Dorati—perhaps today's best ballet conductor.

Noel Goodwin, *Daily Express*, 20th February, 1957.

... the recording is typical Mercury at their best—Trevor Harvey, *The Gramophone*, January, 1957.

The Nutcracker Ballet

First of all the music is enthralling. Every note of it is recorded here, and very brilliantly recorded too.

Roger Fiske, *The Gramophone*, March, 1957.

... I do urge you to get these discs.
Bedford Crowle, *Ballet Today*: May, 1957.



LIVING

PRESENCE

DISTRIBUTED BY PYE GROUP RECORDS (SALES) LTD., 66 HAYMARKET, S.W.1

BALLET GUIDE

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

General Manager: T. E. Bean

Summer Season of

London's FESTIVAL BALLET

Artistic Director: ANTON DOLIN

TUESDAY, 9 JULY to SATURDAY, 7 SEPTEMBER

Evenings at 8 p.m.

Matinées at 2.30 p.m.

(Wednesdays, Saturdays and August Bank Holiday)

Tickets: (Evenings) 15/-, 12/6, 10/-, 7/6, 5/- (Matinées) 12/6, 10/-, 7/6, 5/-, 3/6, and programme leaflets available from the ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL Box Office (WATERloo 3191) and usual Agents

For details of programmes during July, please see "Ballet Guide" elsewhere in this issue.

BALLET RAMBERT

At the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London

Two weeks Season from July 29th.

BRITISH DANCE NOTATION SOCIETY

July 7 (Sun.) Farewell Party for Ann Hutchinson
Report on Nijinsky's Notation, at 17, Queensberry
Mews West, S.W.7, at 3.30 p.m.

FESTIVAL OF NERVI, GENOA, ITALY

July 20—21 800 Italian dancers
Pas de Quatre (with Alicia Markova, Yvette
Chauviré, Margrethe Schanne, Carla Fracci)
July 24—25 Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas
July 27—28 Luisillo and Spanish Dance Theatre
July 31—Aug. 2 Paris Opéra Ballet

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

HILDE HOLGER PRODUCTION GROUP

presents a programme of

Contemporary Dance

Fri., 28th June, at 7.30 p.m., at the
Portland Hall, Little Titchfield Street, W.1.

Tickets at 7/6, 5/-, 3/6 each, obtainable from:

Hilde Holger, 27, Oval Road, Regents Park, N.W.1. GUL 682 2

Postal applications should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

SCHOOLS

RICHMOND (Surrey)

THE NORAH WEBBER ARTS—EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

Boys and Girls 5 - 18 years

Education, Ballet, Drama, Music, Singing

143/145 Kew Rd. RIC 5046.

LIVERPOOL

Shelagh Elliot-Clarke School. Dance, Drama, Art, Music. 63
Rodney Street. Royal 3323.

FESTIVAL BALLET AT FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON

9th	July	Tues.		
10th	"	Wed.	(mat)	{ <i>Swan Lake (Act II)</i> (New Production)
10th	"	Wed.	(eve)	{ <i>Graduation Ball</i> (Première)
11th	"	Thurs.		{ <i>Etudes</i>
12th	"	Fri.		
13th	"	Sat.	(mat)	{ <i>The Nutcracker</i>
13th	"	Sat.	(eve)	{ <i>Graduation Ball</i>
15th	"	Mon.		
16th	"	Tues.		
17th	"	Wed.	(mat)	{ <i>Coppelia</i>
17th	"	Wed.	(eve)	
18th	"	Thurs.		
19th	"	Fri.		{ <i>Les Sylphides</i>
20th	"	Sat.	(mat)	{ <i>Symphony for Fun</i>
20th	"	Sat.	(eve)	{ <i>Etudes</i>
22nd	"	Mon.		
23rd	"	Tues.		{ <i>Concerti</i> (Première)
24th	"	Wed.	(mat)	{ <i>Giselle</i>
24th	"	Wed.	(eve)	
25th	"	Thurs.		
26th	"	Fri.		
27th	"	Sat.	(mat)	{ <i>Swan Lake (Act II)</i>
27th	"	Sat.	(eve)	{ <i>The Nutcracker</i>
29th	"	Mon.		
30th	"	Tues.		No public performance
31st	"	Wed.	(mat)	
31st	"	Wed.	(eve)	{ <i>Coppelia</i>
1st	Aug.	Thurs.		
2nd	"	Fri.		{ <i>The Nutcracker</i>
3rd	"	Sat.	(mat)	{ <i>Etudes</i>
3rd	"	Sat.	(eve)	
5th	"	Mon.	(mat)	
5th	"	Mon.	(eve)	{ <i>Swan Lake (Act II)</i>
6th	"	Tues.		{ <i>Symphony for Fun</i>
7th	"	Wed.	(mat)	{ <i>Graduation Ball</i>
7th	"	Wed.	(eve)	
8th	"	Thurs.		
9th	"	Fri.		
10th	"	Sat.	(mat)	{ <i>Coppelia</i>
10th	"	Sat.	(eve)	

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Two weeks Season 19th-31st August.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

at Sadler's Wells

2nd	July	Tues.	(eve)	<i>House of Birds, La Fête Etrange, Solitaire</i>
3rd	"	Wed.	(eve)	<i>House of Birds, La Fête Etrange, Solitaire</i>
4th	"	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Les Patineurs, *Apparitions, Pineapple Poll</i>
5th	"	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll</i>
6th	"	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Coppelia</i>
6th	"	Sat.	(eve)	<i>The Rake's Progress, Apparitions, Façade</i>
8th	"	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Solitaire, †Giselle</i>
9th	"	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Les Patineurs, La Fête Etrange, Apparitions</i>
10th	"	Wed.	(mat)	<i>Coppelia</i>
10th	"	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Swan Lake (Act II), La Fête Etrange, Apparitions</i>
11th	"	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, Blood Wedding, Beauty and the Beast, Façade</i>
12th	"	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Solitaire, Giselle</i>
13th	"	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Coppelia</i>
13th	"	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Swan Lake (Act II), Blood Wedding, Beauty and the Beast, Façade</i>
15th	"	Mon.	(eve)	<i>Les Patineurs, The Rake's Progress, Solitaire</i>
16th	"	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Coppelia</i>
17th	"	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Swan Lake (Act II), House of Birds, Les Patineurs</i>
18th	"	Thurs.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Rake's Progress, Solitaire</i>
19th	"	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Swan Lake (Act II), La Fête Etrange, Pineapple Poll</i>
20th	"	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Les Sylphides, House of Birds, Pineapple Poll</i>
20th	"	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Solitaire, Blood Wedding, Pineapple Poll</i>

*First London performance of revival.

†First London performance of new production.

Evenings, 7 p.m. Matinées, 2.30 p.m.

The Clubs

By DAVID BENN

The Masque Theatre Club present their own show in London

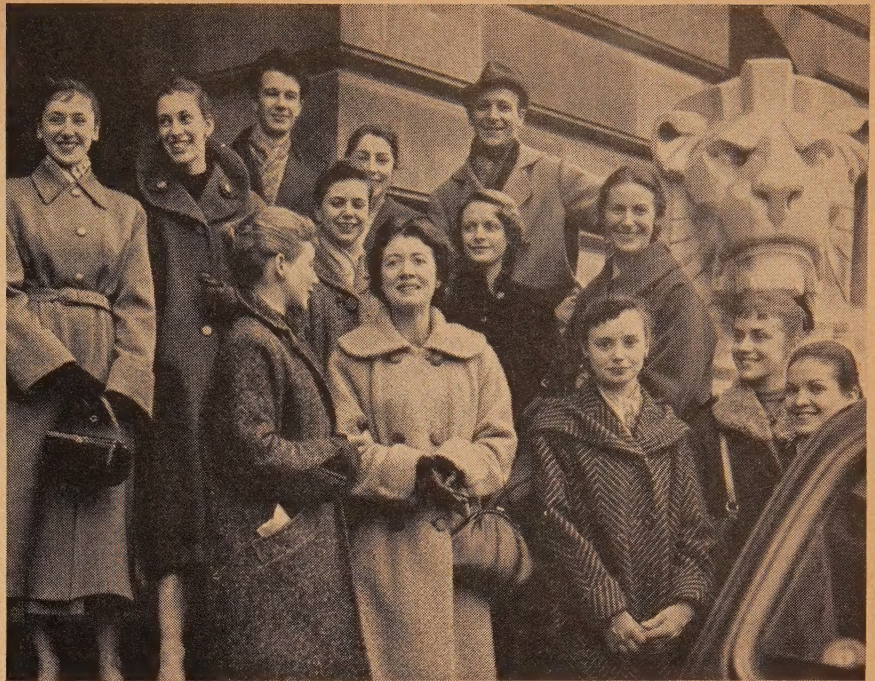


Photo right: Members of the Ballet Rambert at Nottingham

THE Masque Theatre Club must be unique in the ballet club movement. Details of their activities in ballet production have already appeared in "Club News." But their activities are by no means limited to ballet. They have equally active sections dealing with the spheres of music and drama. Their aim is to integrate these three sections wherever possible. One might go as far as to wonder if they are moving towards giving the lead to the professional theatre in this respect, for anyone whose love of the theatre is at all serious could hardly deny that a definite movement in this direction is long overdue.

In the previous issue I referred to the items they presented at the *Evening of Ballet*. On May 18th they returned to the Rudolf Steiner Theatre to present their own show *Ballet Cocktail*. In this they have made history, being the first amateur club to present a full evening of ballet at a London theatre.

As in previous shows all the costumes and scenic effects were devised and executed by members themselves who were also responsible for the front of house arrangements. The musical and production directors were also club members.

Under the guidance of the ballet mistress, Miss Bridget Kelly Espinosa, many of the dancers have reached a near-professional standard and she has created her ballets to suit the dancers' individual talents.

But this has not limited them and no one could accuse them of lack of ambition in their approach to their productions. Their repertoire includes Act III of *Coppelia* and a new work by Angus Nicol, *The Ancient Mariner*, for which he has been personally responsible for the choreography, the music and the decor. The theme and the proposition itself would have daunted many a professional.

The club meets every Friday (except during the month of August)

from 6-10 p.m. in the Fellowship Hall of St. Martin's in the Fields at Trafalgar Square (and it would indeed be difficult to find anywhere more central and easily accessible) but the secretary, Mrs. Hilda Coleman, assures me that this is not a church activity and is open to anyone interested in any aspect of the amateur theatre. Visitors are always welcome and Miss Kelly-Espinosa tells me that beginners' classes are available in the ballet section. In fact, genuine interest and a willingness to learn would appear to be the only credentials for a warm welcome to this club. Certainly no one need ever hold back from joining because of that familiar and very disagreeable feeling that they have nothing to offer.

Of necessity an article such as this must be confined to the club's activities in ballet and, in any case, space will not permit the inclusion of details of their music and drama sections. These, as well as all other details of membership can be obtained from the secretary, Mrs. D. J. Coleman, at 12, Neate House, Lupus Street, London, S.W.1, and she will be only too pleased to answer any enquiries.

CLUB NEWS

NOTTINGHAM

There is always plenty of activity going on at Nottingham Ballet Club. Miss Mary Nevin, the Secretary, writes to tell me that Madame Rambert has consented to become a Vice-President of the Club, and Franklin White is giving a lecture-demonstration on "The Dancer at Covent Garden," at the Social Guild House, Howard Street, Nottingham, on Wednesday, June 26th at 7.30 p.m. Enquiries should be addressed to Nottingham Ballet Club, 136, Musters Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

The photograph above shows members of the Ballet Rambert on the steps of the Council House, Nottingham after they had been shown around by the Lady Mayoress (reported in our last issue).

DUBLIN

For the first time Dublin Ballet Production Group presented an Irish Ballet called *The Children of Lir* at the Father Mathew Feis (founded forty-nine years ago). This is the first Irish Ballet to take part in an Irish Contest and they won the Cup. This should have far reaching results in establishing ballet in a big way for Dublin and Ireland, and will introduce to the World, in the not too distant future, the beautiful tales of Irish Enchantment, and Folk Lore of Ireland which could be so suitable for ballet presentation.

The Ballet Mistress was Olga Mohan, Artistic Director, Madame Violetta Morosini Whelan.

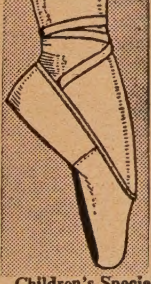
Other members of the Group were dancing in the Operas *Faust* and *Rigoletto* at the Marion Hall Dundrum.

LATE NEWS

FIRST WORLD CONGRESS OF CHOREOGRAPHERS

From July 30th to August 5th, 1957, the First World Congress of Choreographers will be held at Aix-les-Bains. For further information apply British Centre of the International Theatre Institute, 7, Goodwin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT



D. Di Salvo

**SHOES SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN AND THE SADLER'S WELLS
THEATRE COMPANY**

*Famous Bespoke Sun-ray Ballet Shoes Supplied to
all Parts of the World—Specialists in correct fitting*

ALL SHOES NOW IN STOCK		s. d
Blocked Satin, Pk. Wht. or Blk.	..	16 0
Unblk. Satin, Pk. Wht. or Blk.	..	15 0
Block, Canvas, Pk. Wht. or Blk.	..	12 6
Unblk. Canvas, Pk. Wht. or Blk.	..	10 6
Blocked White Leather and all colours	..	18 0
Unblk., Best Quality Coloured Leather in Red, Blk., Pk., Blue or any other colour	16 6	

Postage and Packaging extra 6d. per pr.

Write: D. DI SALVO, 11 WEST STREET,
CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Tem. Bar 9201, 4134.

Children's Speciality

Our hand-stitched, soft-toe shoes for the children are smooth, flexible, and perfect fitting like gloves, specially made for carefree and happy dancing.

Please send outline of the ft.

BURNETS

for

THEATRICAL
FABRICS
and
ACCESSORIES

ELASTIC FISH-NET
TIGHTS
and
OPERA HOSE



COTTON or WOOL
TIGHTS

LEOTARDS
GLOVES, BELTS, etc.

STAGE CURTAINS
MADE TO ORDER

CURTAIN TRACKS
SUPPLIED

Price list on application

B. BURNET & Co. Ltd.

Established 1832

22 GARRICK STREET LONDON W.C.2

Tel. TEMple Bar 3972 & 4893

PHYLLIS BEDELLS

VICE-PRESIDENT ROYAL ACADEMY OF DANCING

SCHOOL OF BALLET -

Professional and Amateur

BALLET (R.A.D.) CHARACTER, NATIONAL,
MODERN, BALLROOM, STAGE
INCLUSIVE TRAINING FOR STUDENTS

28 QUEX ROAD, WEST HAMPSTEAD, N.W.6
Maida Vale 2324

SIGURD LEEDER SCHOOL OF DANCE

MODERN BALLET

FULL PROFESSIONAL TRAINING
AMATEUR CLASSES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
OPEN CLASSES FOR PROFESSIONALS

SUMMER SCHOOL 21st AUG.-3rd Sept.

46a REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Tel : TERminus 1915

FEATURING THE SCHOOLS

THE BUSH-DAVIES

AT ROMFORD.

The training of the Romford School equips Students to embark upon a career either with a classical Ballet Company or in modern musical productions, television, films and the legitimate theatre. Also a very specialised training is given to those students who wish to become teachers.

Students are regularly entered for examinations of the Royal Academy of Dancing and Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing (Stage Branch, National, Operatic Ballet, Cecchetti and Ballroom Branches). That excellent results have been achieved can be seen by a list of past students who have done very well in their chosen careers, to quote a few, Doreen Wells and Stanley Holden with the Royal Ballet, many others have appeared on BBC and Television in such well-known productions as the *Jill Day Show*, *More Contrary*, produced by Richard Afton; *It's Magic*, the David Nixon programme; *Television Toppers*, and *In Town To-night*. In cabaret several past students have appeared in famous London night-clubs such as the Pigale, Oddenino's, and the Astor Club, as well as on the Continent. Films, pantomime and summer shows have also drawn talent from this school, and in the legitimate theatre most of the principal London theatres have engaged girls and boys from Bush-Davies at one time or another in such well-known shows, as *United Nations*, *The Pyjama Game*, *The Crazy Gang*, *King's Rhapsody*, *Oklahoma*, *La Plume de ma Tante* and many others.

Although the school aims at giving vocational training in dance, music, drama and singing for children, and students, who have left school and who seek a career in the theatre or as teachers of these vocational subjects, in addition there are special classes for babies, schoolchildren, and business girls who wish to take dancing for recreational purposes.

A fully qualified Staff includes Miss Joyce Percy, Examiner of the Operatic Ballet Branch of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing and Adjudicator, and Miss Daphne Peterson, Examiner of the Stage and Cecchetti Branches of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing and Adjudicator.

There is also a Bush-Davies school at East Grinstead, Charters Towers, a day and boarding school. This will be included in our "Schools" series in a later issue.

PHOTOS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

1. A little uncertain . . . (Babies' Class)
2. More poise . . . (Grade 1 students)
3. More confidence . . . (rehearsing for Parents' Day)
4. Seniors discuss examination prospects in the locker room.
and now the professional touch
5. Drama training includes knowledge of microphone technique. Speech faults may be noted and corrected when recording is played back.
6. Make-up in the studio for a theatrical portrait. Students for the professional stage need good pictures to help them obtain engagements.
7. The fitting of a new tutu. Mrs. Wright has made ballet dresses for the school for over twenty years.

BUSH DAVIES SCHOOLS LIMITED

DIRECTORS: NOREEN BUSH, MARJORIE DAVIES, VICTOR LEOPOLD,
S. E. DAVIES

DANCE ★ MUSIC ★ DRAMA ★ EDUCATION

Boarding School: 'CHARTERS TOWERS', EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX
RECOGNISED BY THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

Day School: THE STUDIOS, 31 EASTERN ROAD, ROMFORD, ESSEX

LICENSED ANNUALLY BY THE SURREY C.C. AND ESSEX C.C. RESPECTIVELY

Telephones : Dormans Park 227. Day School: Romford 331



BUSH
DAVIES
SCHOOL
ROMFORD

*All photographs in this
feature are by
F. W. Farley.*





FOLLOW
THE
STARS

Margot Fonteyn
Alicia Markova
Nadia Nerina
Svetlana Beriosova
Anne Heaton
Elaine Fifield
Rowena Jackson
Natalie Krassovska
Beryl Grey

YOU WILL GIVE YOUR
BEST PERFORMANCE
IN

Ballet
SHOES
AND TIGHTS BY

ANELLO & DAVIDE

Ballerina's Shoemaker

96 CHARING CROSS ROAD,
LONDON, W.C.2 TEMple Bar 5019